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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Silence.

Inaudible move day and night,
And noiseless grow the flowers;
Silent are pulsing wings of light,
And voiceless fleet the hours.

The moon utters no words when she
Walks through the heavens bare;
The stars forever silent flee
And songless gleam through air.

The deepest love is voiceless too;
Heart sorrow makes no man;
How still the zephyrs when they woo!
How calm the rose full blown.

The bird winging the evening sky
Flies onward without song;
The crowding years as they pass by
Flow on in mutest throng.

The fishes glide through liquid deep
And never speak a word;
The angels robed about us sweep,
And yet no voice is heard.

The highest thoughts no utterance find,
The holiest hope is dumb,
In silence grows the immortal mind,
And speechless, deep joys come.

Rapt adoration has no tongue,
No words has holiest prayer,
The loftiest mountain peaks among
Is stillness everywhere.

With sweetest music silence blends,
And silent praise is best;
In silence life begins and ends;
God cannot be expressed.

Saving The Town.

"It's a sheer waste of money, that's what it is!" grumbled Grandfather Powell. "When I was a boy we allers walked to school—an' the Apple Valley school house was six miles off then, too! Now the school ain't more'n four miles away, an' Carl hez got to hev a newfangled machine called a bysuckle to ride on."

"But times have changed, father," replied Mrs. Powell, smiling. "In those days there was no railroad running through the valley, and you had to take the stage if you wanted to go anywhere."

"I know that, daughter-in-law, I know it only too well. But at the same time, I can't somehow follow the idee that Carl must spend money for that bysuckle, which is most likely to prove his death if he rides fast an' tumbles off, ez I've heerd tell them riders in the city does sometimes."

"He has set his heart on it," pursued Mrs. Powell, "and has earned the money. Besides, he is a very careful boy."

"Humph! might better save his dollars—if he's calculatin' to 'mount to anythin'." He kin have the machine, though, if he wants it, but, mark my words, bysuckles air mighty poor investments!" And, with a wise shake of his gray head, old Grandfather Powell put on his big soft hat, took the cane his daughter-in-law handed him, and hobbled off on his regular morning trip to Seth Axtell's general store.

Grandfather Powell could see no reason for buying a bicycle upon which to go riding around the country, and in the little village of Cropville the majority shared his opinion.

Most of the villagers had never seen a wheel; not one of those steeds of modern locomotion having ever made its appearance in the neighborhood, and, therefore, great excitement was manifested when, three weeks later, Carl Powell—a manly young fellow of 16—came riding down the main street on one fairly glistening in its newness. Carl had just returned from a visit to an uncle in St. Paul, where he had purchased the bicycle, and he learned to ride fairly well.

The people who saw him now stared in open-mouthed wonder. From chance remarks it was soon apparent that a good many viewed the wheel with disfavor, especially the old stand-bys, who disliked the introduction of "newfangled notions."

Nevertheless, a number followed him home and gathered around the dooryard to examine and criticize his acquisition.

"Wouldn't catch me risking my life on it," declared Dabney Brown, who kept the drug store and post-office. "My little mare Tribby is steady it oop?" put in "Scotch" MacGregor, a farm-hand from the Hollow.

"Dinna ye ken, laddie, thot it canna' be safe wi' na side wheels to steady it oop?" put in "Scotch" MacGregor, a farm-hand from the Hollow. "It's the momentum helps keep the balance," explained Carl;

"that and the handling of the front wheel by means of the handle-bars." "Sho! might as well try to run a locomotive on one track!" said Deacon Furrow. "In my opinion, it's flyin' in the face o' Providence, trustin' one's self on sech a flimsy machine."

It was then that Dr. Powell, Carl's father, and Grandfather Powell came out, and quite a heated discussion on the merits and shortcomings of the bicycle ensued. The final opinion was that Carl would have shown much more wisdom had he put his \$100 in a good horse and buggy, like, for instance, the turnout Abe Skinner had to sell for just that sum—a real bargain going a-begging.

"Never mind; I'm satisfied," said Carl. "I like the wheel, and it won't cost near as much to keep as a horse would."

That afternoon he took a spin on the road, riding to Sand Ridge, where the district school was situated, which was to open the fall term the following week with himself as one of the assistant teachers. He went on down through Ten-Mile Run across the old turnpike to the Hollow, and so on back to Cropville—a distance of nearly twenty-five miles. He reached home before sunset, and great was the astonishment of the villagers when he told them how far he had traveled.

"Waal, I dunno," said Deacon Furrow, thoughtfully, "it may do all right, if he don't neglect his school dooties on account of it."

When the Sand Ridge school house was opened, Carl was on hand, feeling in perfect health. His was the class of youngest scholars—the primary class it was called—and it may well be supposed that the young teacher had his hands full.

But Carl went to work with an interest and vigor that quite surprised himself, and soon, everything was running smoothly in his department.

During the past two weeks, the forest fires had been raging fiercely in the dense growths of timber northwest of Sand Ridge. However, as they were kept pretty well under control, but little apprehension was felt for the safety of the town. Guards were stationed at various points, both night and day, and they gave the alarms whenever the fire gained in one direction or another. The ground was plowed up, trees were cut down, and in several instances even buildings were hauled away, so that the flames might have no avenue of entrance into Sand Ridge.

But one day the atmosphere grew unnaturally close and sultry. A light breeze came from the north, but it carried with it nothing that was in the slightest degree refreshing. The streets of Sand Ridge were like a closed oven, and in the somewhat crowded school house neither pupils nor teachers could muster ambition enough to feel a real interest in the studies.

"I must take a spin along the old turnpike," resolved Carl, after his scholars were dismissed. "It ought to be cool along there, and down in the Hollow. It's no use, I can't stand it to ride home along the dusty main road in this suffocating heat!"

So instead of turning to the west at the cross-roads, he turned off directly northwest, and was soon speeding along under the shade of the immense pine trees through which the Grassmere Turnpike had been cut four years previous.

When he reached the upper end of the turnpike, where the Hollow road branched off, he found a shady spot, near a tiny brook, and, dismounting, threw himself on the grass and pine boughs for a rest. He was still over nine miles from home, and it was growing late; yet he could not resist the temptation to linger in this inviting spot beneath the "talking" trees.

"The only decently cool place in the whole country, I really believe," he reflected lazily, as he threw his head back and closed his tired eyes. "What a difference between this and that hot, murky, crowded school room, with the youngsters trying to torment the life out of a fellow! I wouldn't mind spending a couple of hour lying here."

Then he rolled idolently over and lay perfectly quiet for perhaps

ten minutes. He was becoming very drowsy, when he became conscious of a strange, smoky smell, which was wafted to him from the woods on the other side of the brook, and sprang up with a start.

It seemed suspiciously like burning pine! Could it be?

Carl was not the boy to ponder long. "Doleson's woods are on fire!" he said, and the next moment the wind freshed perceptibly, blowing through the trees and brush, and in another minute thin, winding clouds of smoke drifted overhead.

Carl reached for his wheel. With a bound he threw himself into the saddle.

"I can't get out of here any too quick," was his decision. "There is no telling how far that fire may reach before it is checked. If only a good rain would—"

Carl got no further. A fierce, roaring sound reached him, and was followed by a sudden rush of wind, and several burning brands fell near him and further on up the road.

"Whew!" gasped he, "the fire is coming in this direction—and fast, too! Great stars! Look at that! The whole woods will be ablaze in ten minutes more! I must give warning before it is too late!"

In a twinkling he was steering along the Hollow road at topmost speed, his form bent over the handle bars, every ounce of muscle brought to bear on the flying pedals. His hat flew off before he had gone 100 yards, but he paid no heed to this, his one thought being to outride the oncoming fire and warn Cropville people of their great peril.

Ahead of Carl was a steep hill, 600 feet long, and up this he pushed desperately, the dense, black smoke and fiery embers falling all about him. Once a live cinder stuck upon his neck, burning him severely, and causing him to utter a sharp cry of pain. But not a second was lost; he knew only too well the value of every iota of time.

And now, the burning brands, flying hither and thither, set fire to the dry brush on either side of the narrow roadway, and presently it was as if Carl were riding through veritable walls of flames, and the air grew stifling, and he could scarcely breathe.

"If I were only on top of the hill I could coast down the opposite side," he thought; "but it's still a good 200 feet to the top yet, and I don't seem to be getting ahead at all."

He endeavored to increase his speed, and the very desperation of the situation lent him additional strength. Up and up he went, avoiding the rough stones as best he could, and yet not daring to turn much from a direct course. He was afraid to think of the consequences should his pneumatic tires fail him from an accidental puncture. He had almost gained the elevation, when there came a furious blast of wind, filled with smoke and blazing branches and leaves, that struck him fair in the face. He bent back involuntarily, and his bicycle came nearly to a standstill. For an instant it seemed he would succumb at the very moment when the worst of the danger was left behind.

But Carl recovered. With one hand shielding his scarred face, the other guiding his machine, his eyes half closed beneath badly singed eyebrows, he pushed heroically onward until the crown of the hill was gained.

Here the smoke and whirling embers were nearly as thick as below, but the awful uphill struggle was past and ahead lay a sloping stretch for over a mile.

One vigorous push on the pedals and Carl started himself on the downward descent, and then placed both feet on the coasters. How he longed to ease his blistered hands from their strained grip upon the handle bars. How much he would have given for just five long draughts of pure air!

The wheel shot down the grade, gathering momentum at every revolution of the sprocket wheels. To Carl it was as if he were flying past the trees and rocks which lined the way—trees already igniting, rocks soon to heat and crack from the terrible onset of fire racing madly forward.

More than once the bicycle

struck a small stone and, bouncing up, lifted Carl half out of his seat. But each time he settled down more firmly, and if possible more resolved than ever to save and warn those in advance. He looked over his shoulder when he reached the bottom of the incline.

"I'm gaining!" he said, and there was a grim triumph in his tones. Once again he resumed the pedals and pushed forward. The race was not won yet. A relentless enemy was not far behind.

At length, almost exhausted, the boy came in sight of the first house in Cropville, that in which "Scotch" MacGregor lived. The family were just gathering about the supper table as he passed the gate and called out:

"The woods are afire! Look out for yourselves!"

He was amazed to find how smothered and faint his words sounded; but assured that he was heard when "Scotch" appeared on the threshold, he dashed on.

Next came Deacon Furrow's home, a low rambling place surrounded by an old-fashioned hedge. The deacon sat on the piazza looking over a new hymn.

"Hullo! ridin' most amazin' fast—" he began, when Carl cut him short.

"Doleson's — woods — are — ablaze! Fire's coming—this way. If—you—don't—"

The words died out in a weak gurgle, and Carl was lost to view in a cloud of dust.

Three minutes later he panted into the village, hardly able to maintain his balance. Riding—or rather wobbling—down the main street, he gave the alarm, and then slid in a heap from his wheel.

But the race was ended; Carl had won! Men women and children came running from every house, Carl's father and mother and Grandfather Powell among the rest.

It did not take long to decide upon a plan of action, for the possibilities of the annual forest fires reaching the village had often been discussed.

"We'll blow up Ashley's stable and the Bleeker cottage and the sheds about 'em," said Seth Axtell, one of the leading lights of the place. "An' some of you can plow up as much of Fisher's field as you can, an' also Ben Tobel's big pasture. That ought to help us break the line of fire."

"It will," replied Dr. Powell. "And if the old tannery is flooded with water I think we'll escape, although some one ought to be on guard at the out-lying buildings with tubs of water and wet blankets."

The men and boys went to work with a will, Carl soon taking his place with them, weak as he was. Nor were the courageous frontier women and girls idle, and the next half hour was a busy one.

The buildings mentioned were destroyed by gunpowder and dynamite and a dozen plows were utilized in turning up the fresh earth. Water was used as freely as conditions of wells and cisterns would permit, and before the half hour was fairly up charred cinders began to drift into the village, and inside of fifteen minutes more the entire timber to the north of Cropville was a seething mass of flames. The lurid blaze transformed the darkness of the evening into a rosy brilliancy that was appalling as it was awe-inspiring. All night long the villagers toiled; all the night long the fire fought their sturdy efforts to check it, and morning found them still at their various posts of duty.

At 8 o'clock it began to rain. At first the drops came down sparingly, but soon increased into a long, steady downpour, and then all of the weary workers raised their voices in fervent thanksgiving, for they knew that the terrible danger which had threatened them for fourteen hours was past.

And, now that their minds were eased from the severe tension, Carl was not forgotten. It was Deacon Furrow who started the praise bestowed upon him from all sides.

"I declare! if it hadn't 'aben for Carl, Marthy an' me would hev' ben burnt up," he said with tears standing in his little blue eyes. "He saved our lives, brothers and sisters, and I 'ow as he saved the village, too, God bless him!"

"Yes, yes, Carl saved the village, sure 'nough," added Grandfather Powell, in a trembling voice. "An' he done it with that air bysuckle, too. You won't ketch me a-talkin' against them things no more!"

"Aye, an' I'm noot the mon to say aught more about bysuckles hoovin' side wheels ta sidy 'em up so they won't fall over!" declared "Scotch" MacGregor, wiping a huge palm across his sooty face in order to hide a sheepish grin.—*Chelsea Curtis Fraser in the Detroit Free Press.*

Blind and Deaf Nun a Poet.

New York Sunday Herald.

Oh, gracious, loving Jesus,
Who didst one hour appear
To blessed Margaret Mary,
With words so sweet and dear.

To tell her of Thy promise,
In blessings most divine,
To those who love and honor
That sacred heart of Thine.

What bliss to find this treasure,
To clasp it to my breast,
When troubled, sore and lonely,
In Thy sacred heart I rest.

Oh, loving heart of Jesus,
Thy blessing I implore,
And grace to serve Thee better,
To love Thee more and more.

Thou knowest I would labor
With simple heart and hand,
To spread this Thy devotion
Among Thy slightest band.

It is my prayerful longing
That they may always find
A source of love and mercy
In Thy sacred heart so kind.

I thank Thee, dearest Jesus,
For sending unto me
These poor, afflicted persons,
Who are so dear to Thee.

I'll do what I am able
To teach them of Thy heart,
That they may know Thee, Jesus,
And from Thee never part.

Oh, bless, dear Lord, my striving,
And Thine own love still;
Oh, give me strength and courage
To do Thy holy will.

Leaving the world behind her, taking the veil to become a sister in a Roman Catholic convent, Madeline Wallace sang her swan song to the world and the iron gate of the cloister closed upon her forever. The swan song of a blind and deaf girl! A girl who has never heard a word spoken! And yet the song is in verse and the metrical accent does not reveal the fact that the one who first put it upon paper was destined never to hear it sound.

How she ever grasped the idea that words have an accent which at once makes verse writing impossible and possible, how she was able to write in metre, many who have studied the curious situation are unable to explain.

But the words and the sentiment are from the heart of one who has determined to devote her life to the Church, and there is a mournfully true ring about them which makes her swan song at once a prayer and a promise. In its sweet simplicity lies its great strength, and the sad story of the afflicted girl lends a forceful meaning to her lines which excuses and explains many things to the eye of the literary critic.

Madeline Wallace was not born deaf and dumb and blind; she became afflicted after she was six years old. From her birth, it may be said, she has lived in a world without color or sound, and that is why her verse writing is considered almost as remarkable as if she were to paint a canvas in oils.

It is true that the deaf and blind can learn much from the sense of touch. All schools for the blind have a method of teaching by means of raised letters or letters formed by holes in paper. But even though the meaning of the words formed by these raised letters may be clear to the sightless, the sound of the words and therefore their proper accents must remain a closed book forever to the deaf and dumb.

WHEN THE DARKNESS FELL.

The afflicted girl was the daughter of John F. Wallace. She was born twenty-one years ago, while her father was the proprietor of the Wallace Hotel, on Fifth Avenue, near Nineteenth Street. She was not a strong child and was always carefully guarded against draughts and sickness. In spite of the care of her parents she was taken ill with a fever when she was six years old.

For months she hovered upon the brink. Even her physicians shook their heads and feared for the outcome. But it seemed that there was work for her to do in this world,

and she recovered and was able to sit up in a little chair. Then like a bolt from a clear sky it came.

"Why do you always keep the shutters closed, mamma? The room is so dark," she said.

"The windows are wide open, dearie," replied her mother, "and the room is full of light."

Then the startled woman, fearing the worst, passed her hand before her daughter's face, but no retreating movement followed. Sightless eyes looked straight in front and truth burst with crushing force upon the mother.

"Madeline, you are blind!" cried the horrified mother.

"Yes, mamma," said the little one.

In the course of the next month the child's hearing also left her, and, having lost the sense of sound, after the manner of most deaf persons she left off speaking, although there appears to be nothing the matter with her vocal chords. Even if she could speak now it is probable that she would talk with the same baby lisp she knew when all knowledge of sound left her.

As a child she had shown remarkable ability as a scholar. She was most precocious, and it is said that she never forgot anything she had been told. Desiring that her girl should not remain in ignorance all her life on account of her affliction, Mrs. Wallace sent her to the New York Asylum for the Blind, where she was given private lessons by the superintendent, Mr. Wait.

She learned rapidly and soon became an adept reader in history by means of her slender finger tips. While Madeline was attending this school her mother did not despair of securing some relief for her daughter. She applied to various eye and ear specialists and they treated her carefully, but attained no satisfying results. She continued her education at the asylum and soon became a teacher in the institution.

WROTE BOOKS ON "POINT" MACHINE.

Madeline Wallace also became an expert operator of the "point" typewriter, a machine by which books are printed for the blind, and during the time that she was growing up she made many books for her similarly afflicted friends and contributed many volumes to the fifteen public libraries in the United States where books for the blind are kept, the Albany Library, the Congressional Library, the Cincinnati Library and the Boston Library.

The Rev. Dr. Beecher took an especial interest in this girl and translated the work of Thomas A' Kempis into "point" because she was especially fond of his writings. And, although she prized them highly and would be sorry to lose them, she has lent them, her own "point" copies to her blind brothers and sisters all over the country.

Her unselfish spirit and her desire to help others less fortunate than herself was born in her, her mother says. Ever since her affliction she has been of a spiritual turn of mind. Robbed of the pleasure of seeing the ceremonies of the cathedral, with its beautiful altar and its shining candles; unable to hear the peal of the grand organ or the solemn chant of the vestal virgins in the hallowed nave, she still clung to religion, to prayers and ceremonies.

DEARED SECLUSION IN CLOISTER.

After a time she wrote upon her "point" machine the desire that was nearest her heart—that she wanted to take holy orders, become a nun in a convent. Her parents had moved to Newark then, and Madeline's chief occupation was teaching the priests of St. Dominic to read in the "point," so that they could reach the darkened minds of the blind worshippers.

There was no objection raised to her becoming a nun. Her lips and mind were pure as a child's. She was in every way fitted to take the veil. But no deaf and dumb and blind girl had ever been admitted before, and there was no one who could put the questions to her which constituted the irrevocable promises which every woman must make to renounce the world and live only for the Church. How was she to be admitted?

The blind girl solved the problem herself. When she learned that she could not take the veil until a new

ceremonial could be found by which the rules of the sisterhood could be kept and the questions administered to her, she set to work teaching Mother Emannelle, mother superior of the Newark Convent, how to read in the sign language. The good mother already loved the girl and entered upon her task willingly. Before long she had mastered it sufficiently to be willing to undertake the ceremony.

The rites were performed in the chapel of the cloister. The beautiful little Church was decorated with flowers and illuminated with candles as if for a wedding. And, truly, it was a wedding, the wedding of a blind girl who was to become the bride of the church. The organ that she could not hear pealed the soft rhythm of a solemn march, and Madeline appeared at the door and marched down the aisle of the church, escorted by many nuns, dressed in white, as if they were her bridesmaids.

The girl was gloriously beautiful, dressed, as she was, in a long white satin gown with a bride's veil of tulle sweeping to the hem of her train, the handiwork of her mother.

There were orange blossoms in her hair and a great white bouquet of flowers in her arms, and to make the scene complete her brother marched down the aisle with her leaning upon his arm—her brother who "gave her away" to the Church.

The mother superior met her at the altar and the priest began the ceremony of questions and responses. When the priest would ask his questions about the mother superior would interpret them and deliver the reply to the altar. It was as if the fair applicant was a foreigner and could not understand the language.

There was not a pause in the ceremony, and when the questions had been answered the organ began again to peal and the bridal party moved silently toward the iron gate through which the girl passed out of the world.

Business Laws.

Ignorance of the laws excuses no one.

It is a fraud to conceal a fraud. The law compels no one to do impossibilities.

An agreement without a consideration is void.

A receipt for money paid is not legally conclusive.

The acts of the partner bind all the others.

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.

A contract made with a minor is void.

A contract made with a lunatic is void.

Principals are responsible for the acts of their agents.

Agents are responsible to their principals for errors.

Each individual in a partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts for the firm.

Notes bear interest only when so stated.

A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication, cannot be collected.

If a note is lost or stolen, it does not release the maker; he must pay it.

"Good Mornings" of the World.

The following are the morning salutations of the various nations, according to one of our exchanges. The Spanish is, perhaps, the most picturesque; the Egyptian and the Chinese the most peculiar.

"How goes it?" That's German. "How can you?" That's Swedish.

"How do you stand?" That's Italian.

"How do you are?" That's Dutch.

"Go with God, senor." That's Spanish.

"How do you live on?" That's Russian.

"How do you perspire?" That's Egyptian.

"How do you have yourself?" That's Polish.

"Thank God, how are you?" That's Arabian.

"May thy shadow never grow less." That's Persian.

"How is your stomach? Have you eaten your rice?" That's Chinese.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 23, 1903.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the lamest and the weakest
'Neath the all beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves must be,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

It is hard to understand why the deaf-mute baseball player, William E. Hoy, was released by Cincinnati last summer. In the official record just published, he has a fielding average ahead of his successor, Seymour, and also better than New York's great centerfielder, Van Haltren. He is one of those steady, reliable players, who play with conscience and who do not spend their earnings in indiscreet living. He is less of a "good fellow" than a square man, and we all know that popularity and favor in base-ball organizations very often depend upon that species of "good fellow" that "blows in" his salary in the bar rooms. Hoy has ever been noted for temperate ways and a gentlemanly demeanor, and his skill as a batsman and fielder is known to all lovers of base-ball throughout the country. Base-ball is a healthful and harmless recreation, both for the onlooker and the participant, and its best interests will always be best served by continuing in the ranks of its players those who not only try to do well, but succeed in doing it. The patrons of the National game would rather see a half a hundred of the big talkers laid aside, and merit like that possessed by Mr. Hoy retained.

What is regarded by many physicians as one of the most important medical discoveries of the day has been made by Dr. Charles C. Barrows, a gynecologist, who is one of the visiting physicians to Bellevue Hospital and has been connected with that institution for sixteen years.

Revolutionizing the method of treating blood poison, Dr. Barrow's specific—for such it may be—tends to rob that disease of its terrors, and, some members of the medical fraternity believe, will prove most valuable in other maladies that usually have a fatal result. The one patient whom Dr. Barrows has treated by his new method was at the point of death when he was called in. Now she is practically well.

By destroying the bacteria that create blood poisoning does Dr. Barrows baffle the disease. To do this he eschews the use of medicines and injects into the patient's veins a weakened solution of what is known as formalin. This is a forty per cent. solution of formaldehyde gas in water. This gas, which is an oxidation of methyl-alcohol, has strong germicidal qualities, being stronger than carbolic acid and only slightly inferior to corrosive sublimate. Formalin, its solution in water is a powerful antiseptic and is frequently applied outwardly in surgery. For years it has been used as a preservative for food products.

A soldier says that the water cure always made the Filipinos talk. But it won't be introduced in our deaf schools as long as the oral methods hold good.—*Colo. Index.*

If it does not make the Filipinos talk any better than some of the oral teaching does the deaf, it ought to be abandoned.

ST. LOUIS.

The Monthly Public Opinion meeting was held on the 9th and well attended. The Venezuelan trouble and other topics "touchin'" on and pertaining to our Uncle Sam were given a thorough discussion.

The monthly social of the Gallaudet Union was held on the 7th. Prizes were awarded the winners of the games played, and as a consequence it was found that Mrs. Jones, recently Miss Forbes, of Omaha, had celebrated her entry in St. Louis by winning first prize in the "Mysteries of a Cent." Rev. Cloud was awarded the gentleman's in the same game. Mr. Schneider and Miss L. Jones were consoled with the booby prizes. In the game, "Memory Training," Miss Herdman was discovered to have the best memory and received the prize. There was no booby to this game as a poor memory is best concealed.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Brown celebrated their silver wedding anniversary on the 11th. They were remembered by their numerous friends with suitable presents and showered with congratulations. May their shadows never grow less.

The stork visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Terry, and deposited therein a daughter who has been christened Catherine Bassett Terry. They are now residing at Marionville, Mo., the home of Mrs. Terry's parents.

The regular literary-business meeting of the Gallaudet Union was held on the 16th, with a good attendance. Messrs. Bennett and Wootten, and Misses Otten and Molloy, gave the literary entertainment. The February meeting will be a "Lincoln night."

The Gallaudet Union has decided to give prizes for the prettiest costumes, at their Masquerade Ball on February 14th.

The Euchre Club held its fourth meeting on the 17th, at Rev. Cloud's home, Miss Molloy entertaining. This meeting was marked with greater excitement and risks than at any previous meeting. Many of the players were also "neck to neck" for the prizes, only a few points separating them from the winners. The counting of the tallies found Mr. Hunter in the lead of the gentlemen, and Miss Roper heading the ladies, while Mr. Kilpatrick and Miss Leiding were the tail enders with the other members of the club closely bunched. After prizes had been awarded, refreshments were served, and the club adjourned, having arranged to meet on the 31st, when Miss Roper will entertain.

"Les Miserables," the masterpiece of Victor Hugo, will be mastered in the Mission House on the 23d, by Mr. Steidemann. Admission is free to all.

Miss Herdman will render "David Harum" on the 30th, also at the Mission. Come early and avoid the rush that is sure to ensue when such a sign maker as Miss Herdman occupies the platform.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club will give a stag euchre on February 21st. Admission, 25 cents; to non-members, 35 cents. Three-fourths of the receipts go to the Club's treasury, while the other fourth will be expended in prizes, which will be bestowed a few days after the euchre. S.

TORONTO, CANADA.

The meeting of the Bridgen Club, on Saturday evening, January 17th, was not so well attended as it should be, there being but a quorum present, the slim attendance being due to the inclemency of the weather,—a drifting snow-storm. Yet the nature of the evening's business was of a very interesting kind.

Mr. P. Fraser opened with prayer, after which President Reeves read the minutes in the absence of Secretary Harris, afterwards drawing the attention of those present to the feasibility of establishing a sick benefit society in connection with the club.

Mr. R. C. Slater gave an address on Italy; Mr. P. Fraser discoursed on Turkey; Mr. Montmarquette followed with a description of France; and, finally, Mr. G. W. Reeves brought out the beauties and excellences of our own Canadian land.

Next Saturday a debate on "The sword versus the pen," will take place. Messrs. Slater and Roberts will wield the sword, while Messrs. Fraser and Terrell push the pen.

Messrs. Willie White and Willie Watt spent the 18th ult., in Hamilton, renewing old friends and reporting a "bustin'."

Herb Roberts and Frank E. Harris slipped away to spend the 17th and 18th ult., with dear old friends in Oakville, where they enjoyed themselves to the utmost. Mr. Roberts assisted Mr. Thomas at that place with the Sunday services, which were of a most impressive character.

Japanese are always buried with their heads to the north. Consequently no Japanese will sleep in a bed lying north or south.

The largest wooden statue in the world is to be seen in Tokio, Japan. It is 54 feet high and the head will hold twenty people.

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

A "Duck" Narrowly Escapes Drowning.

DR. GALLAUDET'S BROTHER DEAD.

Literary Exercises

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The continued cold snap during the early part of the week froze the ice on the tidal basin to a thickness sufficient to permit skating, and sojourners on Kendall Green were not slow in taking advantage of this opportunity either. So every day large numbers of the students and co-eds hid themselves thereto, and enjoyed skating to their hearts' content. But on Wednesday evening, just twenty minutes after Kendall Green contingent had started home, the ice suddenly gave way and about twenty five persons were precipitated into the water, eight to fifteen feet deep. Of these, three, two men and one young woman, were drowned. Among the rescued was one of our stray "ducks" who lingered behind when the rest of his tribe had gone home. When he found himself in the water, instead of losing his presence of mind, he coolly held on to a loose cake of ice, his head barely above the water. He held on thus until some one on the shore came to his rescue. This duck hails from the South and does not naturally take to the water, especially when it is very cold.

Dr. Gallaudet went to New York, Tuesday noon to attend the funeral of his brother, Peter Wallace Gallaudet, who died at a private sanatorium in that city on Sunday, the eleventh. The late Mr. Gallaudet was seventy-seven years of age, and was a prominent Wall Street banker up to four years ago, when he retired from business on account of his age and health. President Gallaudet and his family has the sympathy of the whole student body in their sad bereavement. This demise leaves Dr. Gallaudet as the only surviving son of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, the founder of Deaf-Mute Education in North America.

The first literary meeting of the "Lit" was held in the chapel, Friday eve, the 16th. Johnson, '03, the new president, occupied the chair. Mr. Arthur D. Bryant, '80, opened the program with an interesting lecture on "Do and Don't."

Resolved, "That the so-called Trustees be beneficial to the United States," was debated on the affirmative side by Winemiller, '04, and Binkley, I. C., and on the negative side by Marshall, '04, and Johnson I. C. The dialogue "A Rich Man and a Poor Man," given by Mueller, '06, and Pshusta, I. C., according to the Critic was not up to the standard. Miller, '03, closed the exercises with a declamation entitled "Happy Days on the Farm."

The debate on the whole was spirited, and the sharp retorts of both leaders brought forth frequent applause. Evidently each did his best to win, but the elocution of the negative side was the more convincing to the judges, who accordingly decided in favor of that side.

The stupendous Drury Lane production, "The Sheeping Beauty and the Beast" will be a two weeks' attraction at the New National Theatre, beginning to-day, as this production is largely pantomime and spectacular, quite a number of the students have signified their intention to take in this show, even though the price of admission has been doubled.

News has reached us to the effect that a baby girl has reached the home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard L. Terry, of Marionville, Mo. The little lady has been christened Catharine Bassett Terry. Mr. Terry was for two years a student here as a member of the class of 1900, and for a while was one of the editors of the *Buff and Blue*. Miss Terry, before her marriage was Miss Alice Taylor, and was also a Gallaudet College girl, having been for a year a student of the class of 1901. We extend our congratulations to the happy parents.

Thursday afternoon, a party of eight Co-eds and four members of the tougher gender, journeyed out to Chevy Chase, Md., where they enjoyed some very fine(?) skating on the lake out there.

Mr. Albert F. Adams, our gym instructor, has given it out that the annual gymnasium exhibition will be held on either the last Friday or Saturday in February.

Hendricks, '04, has had his "mug" immortalized by Donaldson, an F Street photographer.

An agent of the Arthur Johnson Sporting Goods Co. had been here during the week taking orders for base-balls, bats, gloves, shoes, etc. Though not so considerable an expenditure as the year before, yet this new equipment will cost the Athletic Association and the players a pretty penny, and we all hope

that the record of our base ball team will justify this outlay.

Misses MacPhail and Myers, '03, surprised their classmate, Miss Myers, with a birthday party on the evening of the 12th.

Dr. Fowler, who has been here visiting his parents, Steward and Mrs. Fowler, since Christmas, has left for a tour to Boston and the other eastern cities.

Miss Grace Okie was here visiting her friends among the Co-eds, the afternoon of the 18th.

Jan. 19, '03. P. T. HUGHES.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Will the time ever come when the Brooklyn Guild can proudly say to the world that it has a hall or chapel of its own where its meetings and socials can be held at any time it may elect? At present the outlook for such a condition is dark—very dark—yet it should not be, as the Guild has among its members some of the brightest deaf of Greater New York, among others being Archie McLaren, Frank Ecka, Leo Greis, John B. Valles, W. J. White, George Lindemann, Herman Beck, W. A. Moore, Joe Schloss, Hugh Conlon, Mrs. Ella Turner, Mrs. George D. Kinsey, Misses Sarah Stein, Emma Baiman, Hannah Hendricks, Maud Muller, Mrs. Belle C. Lockwood and others.

If the Guild was a unit and its members "put their shoulders to the wheel," it could accomplish results in all lines that would astonish its friends and confuse its enemies, but, alas! like most societies of the deaf, dissension reigns in its ranks. The least fitted aspire to office and attempt to run things as they see fit, with the inevitable result that the more intelligent among the members become disgusted and either resign or take but a passive interest in the affairs of the organization. Of course, there are exceptions to the above remark, and all honor to these few who give their time and labor to uphold the Brooklyn Guild, notwithstanding the thankless character of much of the work.

Almost from its inception, some nine years ago, the Brooklyn Guild has held its meetings in St. Mark's Chapel. This privilege was obtained for it by that true and tried friend of the deaf, the late Dr. Thomas Gallaudet. The kindness of the church people is duly appreciated, yet the needs for a place of its own where the Guild's meetings, whether religious or social, could be held whenever desired, is more and more felt as time passes.

This want was recently brought vividly to the Guild's attention with startling directness. It had planned to have a St. Valentine's Party on the evening of February 14th next. Application was made for the use of the chapel at that time. It was then found that the choir of St. Mark's Church had pre-empted it for every Saturday evening during the winter, and the various societies of the church would use it on three evenings of every week. The Guild could have it only on Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

Such being the case, the Brooklyn Guild is compelled to change the date for its St. Valentine's Party, which will be held on the evening of February 12th next. St. Mark's Chapel is the place. The committee in charge, all ladies, promises great things in the way of fun. Every person who attends this party will receive a letter of some kind, and Cupid with his bow and arrow has promised to be on hand. The belles of mutedom, the gallant youth and his budding mustache, the sedate matron and the meek and humble married men, will be there without fail. Games will be played and prizes given to the winners. Admission is only 15 cents, the proceeds going to the charitable fund of the Guild. Doors open at 7:30 P.M. Get there early and bring your friends. Music and perhaps dancing.

The committee recently appointed to devise some sort of an insurance and beneficial plan for the members of the Brooklyn Guild, consisting of Alexander McLaren, George Lindemann, G. L. Reynolds and Archibald McLaren, have held two meetings and are now about ready to report.

From what one of them said, it seems that the idea which received most approval was the organization of another society, which while having no real connection with the Brooklyn Guild, would be composed of the Guild members and such other of the deaf as would like to join it. At first it will be limited to sick benefits, but later on, if its membership grows sufficient and its funds allow, death benefits and perhaps others will follow. The above and much more will be laid before the Guild at its next meeting on February 5th, and thoroughly discussed. The committee urges all members to be in attendance, as before anything definite is adopted the matter must be debated *pro* and *con*, so that pitfalls for the future can be avoided. On this evening, Mr. George Lindemann, who has much experience among the deaf of Germany, will tell of the insurance and beneficial plans which exist among the mutes of that country, and which have proven successful. Certainly what the German mutes

have done, those of American can do.

It cannot be too strongly urged upon the deaf of this great city, that they should make some provision for the future. If they become sick or temporarily disabled, or if death overtakes them, then their loved ones will not be left wholly destitute in their great hour of need and have to depend, for a time at least, upon others, most likely strangers.

A number of the deaf are so fortunate as to be above the needs of joining such a society as that proposed, but let such remember that there are others, whose circumstances are not so good as their own. For the sake of these last, these fortunate ones should not only join this proposed society but should encourage the movement in every way. To keep the less fortunate deaf from a pauper's grave and their loved ones from the cold charity of strangers, is worthy of the best effort of every deaf man or woman in this city.

It cannot be expected that from the very start the new organization will be able to do all a first class insurance company or beneficial society can do. Far be it; but it can do something and however small that something may be, it will prove a blessing to the dependent ones of those who have made no other provisions for that dreaded hour which must come to all. If sufficient encouragement is given this movement, in time it is hoped that it will, not only be able to bury its dead, and look after those left behind, but also take care of the sick and possibly provide a cheap form of insurance for its members.

In conclusion it is here stated that the proposed new society will not in any way antagonize the Brooklyn Guild or any of the other existing organizations. It is to be purely a mutual benefit and insurance society, and in no sense of the word a secret organization.

Let every member of the Brooklyn Guild attend the meeting on the evening of February 5th next, and give all encouragement to this movement that they possibly can. Unless this is done the proposed society must be abandoned. G.

A Hot Little Planet.

The astronomer in charge of the Harvard Observatory, at Arequipa, Peru, announces that in April last he succeeded in obtaining four photographs of the recently discovered planet Eros. This tiny orb—a veritable toy world, it might be called—is only about nine miles in diameter. One reason for the interest attaching to it is that it is the nearest to the earth, and nearest likewise to the sun, of all the minor planets. In 1894 it was only 15,000,000 miles away from us, a mere trifle of distance from an astronomical point of view, and next November it will approach within 28,000,000 miles.

There are about four hundred minor planets so far discovered, though doubtless many more, as yet unobserved, exist. The first ones were located early in the present century, one of them being Vesta, which is, perhaps, the biggest of the whole lot, being about 240 miles in diameter. In area these baby sisters of the Earth may be said to equal various States of the Union, ranging from Rhode Island to some of the larger ones.

Eros, being nearest to the sun, must be warmer than any of the other minor planets—a fact that has a bearing on the possibility that it may be inhabited. The question whether these toy worlds are occupied by any form of life is extremely interesting, though likely to remain unanswered. So slight is the gravity power of a planet nine miles in diameter, that an ordinary man on Eros would be able to hurl away a half-ton stone with such velocity that it would never come back out of the realms of space. The photographs taken at Arequipa were made by Dr. Delisle Stewart.

CHURCH NOTICES.

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY, JANUARY 25TH.

St. Ann's Church, New York, 3 P.M.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M., Holy Communion.

Guild meeting in St. Ann's Guild-room, Tuesday evening, January 27th.

My Own United States.

The post signs of sunny France, fair, olive-laden Spain;
The Grecian Isles, Italia's smiles and India's torrid plain;
Of Egypt, countless ages old; dark Africa's palms and dunes
Let me acclaim the land I name—my own United States!

Chorus:

I love every inch of her prairie land;
Each stone of her mountain side,
I love every drop of the waters clean
That flow from her rivers wide,
I love every tree, every blade of grass
Within Columbia's gates.
The Queen of the Earth
Is the land of my birth—
My own United States!

"Gentle words are always gain."
—Tennyson.

BOSTON.

Dr. Job Williams was compelled to discontinue his duties as principal of the School for the Deaf in Hartford, Ct., for several months, in consequence of his constitution being impaired by overwork. Upon the advice of his physician, he went out west to Arizona to recuperate. We hope the dry climate will bring about a great change for the better.

Dr. Williams stands high in the esteem of the teachers and pupils. They subscribed a large purse of money with which they bought a valuable dress-suit case, and two handsome volumes entitled, "History of Literature," such as will no doubt captivate him on his long journey.

Mr. Frank Bigelow wrote a letter to Dr. Williams, inviting him to give the Bostonians a lecture under the auspices of the Boston Society, but Dr. Williams found it impossible to go, much to his regret, for the reason as above mentioned, so he has had to give way to Prof. Abel S. Clark.

Frederick W. Pearce, of Hallowell, Me., and Ellen Parker, were married by Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, of Hartford, Conn., two weeks ago. They received a great many wedding presents. Miss Parker had been keeping house for Prof. John E. Crane for one year. Mr. and Mrs. Pearce were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Crane, after which they went to Maine, Vermont and Boston, on their honeymoon.

Mr. Pearce has been employed as a stone cutter in Maine for some time. He has a bright future before him.

No dance will be allowed at the Home "House warming" party, but it will be "open house" from 7:30 to 12.

Rev. Mr. Searing has become famous as New England's missionary for the deaf. He has got his many friends warmly interested in the Home, which commended itself to every New Englander. We wish him a greater measure of success in his undertaking. He is much of a hustler.

We are talking a great deal of organizing a new Literary Society, composed of young men.

BOSTON BOY.

HARTFORD, CONN.

Dr. Job Williams, Principal of the American School for the Deaf, left Hartford, Conn., last Tuesday, and arrived in Arizona last night. He will be absent from here for six months, for the benefit of his health.

Prof. Gilbert O. Fay takes the place of Dr. Job Williams during his absence. Prof. Fay is a man of ripe experience, having been connected with education of the deaf for many years. Before he came to the Hartford School, he was Superintendent of the Ohio Institution for the Deaf, at Columbus.

The newly elected officers of the Deaf Mutes' Benevolent Society were installed last Wednesday evening. Their names are as follows: President, John S. Comstock; Vice-President, Joseph Leghorn; Treasurer, Fred C. Rock; Financial Secretary, Walter C. Barrows; Recording Secretary, Dana B. Taylor; Sergeant-at-arms, Lawrence Crowley. The financial business is in sound condition. Chairman Joseph Leghorn of the Auditing Committee, reported to the society that they examined the accounts of the Financial Secretary and the Treasurer, and found them correct. The amount collected from dues during the past year was \$108.50, and \$76 was paid out for sick benefits. The society had \$372.00 in its treasury last year, and now has \$683.00—a gain of \$311.00. It has thirty-six members on its roster, with a candidate waiting to be initiated.

On the same evening, after the adjournment of the Deaf-Mutes' Benevolent Society, another new club was formally organized, and it started well. The officers of this new organization are: President, Joseph Leghorn; Vice-President, Fred C. Rock; Treasurer, Lawrence B. Crowley; Secretary, John Hagherly. Its object will be to encourage good friendship among the deaf-mutes of Hartford, Conn., and vicinity; also to have literature for their advancement in knowledge. It is likely the society will be named the "White Oak Society," and may soon have more members than the Deaf Mutes' Benevolent Society, because most of the deaf prefer amusement to weariness.

A play entitled "A Doctor All Cure," given under the skillful management of John Hagherly, was given to the pupils and visitors in the Hall of the Industrial Building, at the American School for the Deaf, last night, and was greatly enjoyed by all.

John S. Comstock, State Organizer for Connecticut, sent \$76.80 to Dr. Heber Bishop in Boston for the New England Home Fund. He had sent \$57.00 to him before, making \$133.80 in all. One of his collectors, Mr. Henry A. Wise, of Simsbury, Conn., has been working very hard collecting for the Home Fund. He is still working, and no doubt will be heard from again. Success to him, and all who are working in the interest of the Home Fund for unfortunate ones of our class.

Jan. 11, 1903. PHILOSOPHER.

Laughter as Stomach Cure.

Worry is but one of the many forms of fear, so that worry tends to the production of indigestion. Indigestion tends to put the body of the subject in a condition that favors worry. There is thus established a vicious circle which tends to perpetuate itself, each element augmenting the other. It is necessary to secure a cheerful, wholesome atmosphere for the dyspeptic. He should eat his meals at a table where there is good fellowship and where funny stories are told. He should himself make a great effort to contribute his share of this at the table, even if it be necessary, as it was in one case under my care, for him to solemnly and seriously collect funny paragraphs from the press, and at first interject them spasmodically during lulls in the conversation at the table. The effort made was adequate to the obstacles to be overcome. He succeeded, and the spectacle of that man trying to be funny at table when he felt thoroughly discouraged and blue is one we shall never forget.

Laughing is in itself also a useful exercise from the standpoint of digestion. Its stirr up all the abdominal organs, it increases the circulation of the blood, it increases peristalsis, it increases the secretion of gastric juices. Five minutes' deliberate laughing after each meal would be an excellent prescription for some people.—*London Family Doctor.*

Wilkesbarre, Pa.

A surprise party was tendered to Miss Annie Broderick, on her coming from Philadelphia to visit Mr. and Mrs. James Byron, by her old deafmute friends, on December 31st.

Miss Broderick was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Byron for three days, and returned to Philadelphia January 3d.

There was a box party at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Wirth, on December 31st.

Harry Leibsohn expects to leave here for New York, the last of this month or early next month.

"Professor" expects to stop off at Allentown, to visit his old deafmute friends next month.

"PROFESSOR."

Mute's Deathbed Farewell.

MEMPHIS, TENN., Jan. 3.—Clara Ware, nineteen years old, died at Bemis, Madison County, to-day. She had been mute from birth, but just before her death she called the members of her family around her, and in perfectly natural tones bade them good-bye, saying: "I'm going to a happier home."

These were the first words she had ever spoken. Two other members of the family are mutes.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

BUFFALO AND ROCHESTER.

BUFFALO.
First and Third Sunday of each month (in the basement of St. Paul's Church, entrance on Pearl Street, near Church Street), 8 P.M., Evening Prayer; Second Sunday, 11 A.M., Holy Communion; Fourth Sunday, 11 A.M., Morning Prayer.
All other Sundays (on the second floor of the Parish House, 128 Pearl Street, opposite St. Paul's Church).
Second and Fourth Fridays, 8 P.M. Meeting of the Pan-Pan Society (in the Parish House).

ROCHESTER.
In Parish House of St. Luke's Church.
First Sunday of month, 11 A.M. Holy Communion.
Second and Fourth Sundays, 7:30 P.M. Evening Prayer.
Third Sunday, 11 A.M. Morning Prayer.
First Thursday of month, 8 P.M. Ladies' A1 Society.
All other Thursdays, 8 P.M. Social gatherings.

The Cave of Dionysius.

One of the most remarkable caves in existence is that in Sicily, not far from Syracuse, which is known as the Ear of Dionysius. It is said that it was constructed by Dionysius the Elder in the fourth century B. C. It was shaped in the form of a human ear, 250 feet long and 80 feet high, and so arranged that the slightest noise made at any one part, was transmitted to the central part corresponding with the drum of an ear. Here the tyrant was accustomed to imprison all those of whom he was suspicious and he would sit in the central room and listen to the talk of the prisoners to ascertain if his suspicions were founded. The workmen who constructed the place were said to have been put to death to conceal the designs of the cave. Even to-day, the acoustic properties of the cave are remarkable.—*Sol.*

There are souls in the world who have the gift of finding joy everywhere and of leaving it behind them when they go. Joy gushes under their fingers like jets of light. Their influence is an inevitable gladdening of the heart. It seems as if a shadow of God's own gift had passed upon them. They give light without meaning to shine.—*F. W. Faber.*

In a hurricane blowing at eighty miles an hour the pressure on each square foot of surface is three and one-half pounds.

NEW YORK.

Pictorially Entertained
and Instructed.

LECTURE AT ST. ANN'S.

News of the Week.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

In response to the alluring inducement inspired by Shakespeare, "Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight," etc., lovers of things pictorial flocked to the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, on the evening of the 11th inst., when the Society of Deaf Mutes gave an exhibition of moving pictures. From the beginning to its successful conclusion, the arrangement of the affair was characterized by intelligence, loyalty and enthusiasm, and it was conceded by all those present that the entertainment exceeded even their highest expectations. The music in rhythm with the pictures was something new and greatly enjoyed by the hearing friends. The expenses for an entertainment of this kind were necessarily heavy, and yet a handsome sum has gone into the society's treasury to further its ever growing work. As to the pictures themselves, opinion differs as to which of the series proved the best. The views of China, especially Chinese factory hands going to work and a torpedo chasing a cruiser, interested many. The pictures were wonderfully clear, and the written descriptions could not be improved upon. The fishing industry in the North Sea showed the hardy toilers on board a large schooner hauling in the nets. The huge rolling waves made the scene so real that some must have forgotten that they were on terra firma and resignedly awaited the advent of the mal de mer. Another of the series showed a record catch, cleaning and sorting the fish, feeding the sea gulls, sports on a fishing smack, and loading fish for the market.

The soldier's return was pathetic and life-like. A soldier returning from the war finds his humble cottage empty and desolate. Neighbors and friends crowd around him and inform him that his aged mother has gone to the poorhouse. He hastens thither and a touching scene is enacted at the meeting. The mother's departure from the institution, leaning on the arm of her stalwart son, and her farewell to the women inmates, was affecting in the extreme. Home again, the mother sits contentedly in the doorway while her soldier boy works busily in the little garden. It was a beautiful story told in a manner that went directly to the heart.

Those familiar with Dickens' works were delighted with Scrooge, or Marley's ghost. It was in twelve animated tableaux, from Christmas Eve at Marley's to the death of Tiny Tim and Christmas morning at Scrooge's.

The views of the Alps and other parts of Switzerland were superb, also the climb of the Wetterhorn, which recalled Dr. Stoddard's lecture before the Society a month ago, and gave added interest. Pilatus' train leaving the tunnel and running down a steep grade appalled all. A magnificent view of St. Gothard and the Wassen Loops was obtained from the rear of a swiftly moving train.

There were many other scenes of equal interest including: A Midnight Rescue and A Day at Niagara Falls. The comic pieces furnished lots of enjoyment, and all, notably the Amateur Wall Paper Hanger and The Lovers, received their due laurels.

Mother Goose's Rhymes in pictures brightened up the little folks, and were greatly relished by the mammas. The children clapped their tiny hands over Jack and Jill and the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe, etc., and when Hi Diddle appeared, a wee bit of a creature in my pew, blurted out blithely:

Hey! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see his sport,
While the dish ran after the spoon.

It was a little before ten-thirty when "Good Night" was flashed, and all went home in a happy humor. The committee and the members return their hearty thanks to the three hundred and more who contributed by their friendly interest in making the event an unqualified success.

The lecture given by Mr. John Wilkinson, in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, on Tuesday evening, drew quite a good attendance. The lecturer took for his topic "Secrets of Success," and most certainly succeeded in making his ideas clear to all present. His signs were the

acme of grace and force. He began with Adam in the Garden of Eden, and came rapidly down to the glories of Greece and Ancient Rome. He showed the never-ending strife of mankind in the mad race for wealth, and the variety of ways in which men struggled for the smiles of the goddess of Fortune. His illustrations were apt, and the whole lecture very entertaining. It occupied over an hour in delivery, and at its close Mr. Wilkinson received a hearty vote of thanks.

Tickets for the fourth annual indoor football game of the Lexington A. A., (as per advertisement on last page) were distributed to the members last Sunday by Manager Kenner. They are already selling like "hot cakes," for it must be taken into consideration that this is the only affair of its kind given by the deaf annually, and the Lexingtons not only have the patronage of the deaf, but of numerous hearing people to whom the team is well known. Deaf-mutes will do well to buy their tickets at least a few days before the game, if not now, as the price may be increased at the gate.

Many of New York's deaf population will be in Newark next Saturday, to attend the ball to be given by the New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society on that date. There will be games for prizes, a short pantomime, and dancing. The proceeds go to the "death benefit fund" of the society.

Returning home from the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church last week, William Hutton calmly smoked a cigar on the platform of a trolley car, utterly oblivious to the fact that his watch-chain dangled from his fastening minus the watch, which some pickpocket had got away with.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Benemann, at Yonkers, was gladdened on January 11th by the arrival of a bouncing baby boy. Both mother and child are doing well. Mrs. Benemann was formerly Miss Catharine Logue, a graduate of Fanwood.

Isaac Newton Soper was sick for three or four days last week, with pleurisy. Prompt medical attention saved him from serious illness. He is now well, and able to resume his duties as a pattern-maker.

Anthony Cannon, of Hoboken, N. J., is dead. He died at his home last month. He was a former pupil of the Fanwood and New Jersey Schools.

Miss Kate B. Harrison has a good position at the Plum Bookbinding, on Clinton Street, Newark, N. J. She recently moved to Newark from Columbus, O.

A pupil of the St. Joseph Institution, named Joseph Crouch, is the leader among his classmates in social games. He has quite a keen intellect.

Mr. Harry Gloistein is endeavoring to organize a hockey team, to be under the management of the Lexington Athletic Association.

The Oakland Base Ball Club, of Westchester, is getting ready for next season, and will have a very strong nine in the field.

A whist luncheon will be given by the Brooklyn Deaf-Mute Club, at the rooms on February 12th, (Lincoln's birthday.)

Mr. Wm. Moore lost his job in the shoe factory of Lane Co., which was burned down, but has secured another place.

There is a deaf and blind woman, named Sarah Jones, being cared for at the City's expense on Blackwell's Island.

The Brooklyn Deaf-Mute Club announces that the theatrical entertainment and ball on December 3d, was a success.

John D. Shea spent Sunday week as a guest of William J. Deegan, at the Westchester Institution.

The Brooklyn Deaf-Mute Club will hold a picnic at Ridgewood Park on September 5th.

The sister of Mr. Walter Callahan is now a teacher at the Lexington Avenue School.

P. W. GALLAUDET DEAD.

STAMFORD, Conn., Monday.—P. W. Gallaudet died last night at Stamford Hall Sanitarium of dropsy and infirmities, due to old age. He was born seventy-three years ago in Hartford, and was a member of a well known family. One of his brothers was the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, long rector of St. Ann's Church, New York. Another brother is at the head of an institution for mutes in Washington. He leaves a daughter, Mrs. Beveridge, of New York.

Mr. Gallaudet was for many years a noted broker in New York, and was well known in Wall Street up to the time of his retirement from active business about nine years ago.—*New York Herald*, Jan. 13.

Agitation for better pay for common school teachers still goes on in Iowa, but as yet the pay is no better than it was.

OHIO.

Annual Meeting of the
Ladies Aid Society.

A BIRTHDAY PRESENTATION

Brevities.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 938 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The Ladies' Aid Society held its regular meeting in the Library of the Institution, Thursday evening. Nearly every member was present as it was the occasion of the induction of the recently elected officers. Mrs. J. D. H. Stewart, owing to her removal from the city, and making it inconvenient to attend the meetings, tendered her resignation which was accepted, and she was chosen an honorary member.

The President, Miss Edgar, appointed as the visiting committee to the Home for the year: Mrs. Ella Zell, Miss Dickerson and Mrs. R. P. McGregor. The whole membership of the society was divided into two committees for entertainments. To invite a friendly rivalry between them, the Mesdames compose one side, while the Misses the other.

A reception to the retiring officers will be given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. McGregor, over at Grove City, on the evening of February 21st. Miss Edgar, upon entering upon her second term as president of the society, made the following remarks:

"With this meeting we begin our 10th year's work. Our society began with sixteen members, and now numbers thirty-six active and three honorary members. Of the original sixteen, only seven now have their names on our roll.

"It may be interesting to you to know that our society has, in nine years, earned about \$1,262.13. We have spent on furnishings for the Home, \$626.56. When the managers of the Home wanted to build the barn, we gave them \$81, and just lately we donated them \$50 to help furnish the cottage. So we have used in all \$757.66 of our earnings for the Home in just nine years. We may well feel proud of our record! I feel sure that our work has been appreciated by the Home managers, as in their last annual report we find the following:

"The Ladies' Aid Society, of Columbus, has cheerfully responded in looking after its rooms, and the demands have been quite frequent the past year. The worthy work is indeed highly commendable, and we sincerely thank them for their interest in this charity."

"The year 1902 saw some changes among our members—Mrs. Bard, Misses Dreyer and McNally became members, and we gained three honorary members—Mrs. Wornstaff, Mrs. Halse and Miss Bierce. Cupid became quite active and claimed three of our members—Misses Moore and Stelzig and Mrs. Miller. Mrs. Miller as Mrs. Halse became an honorary, and Miss Stelzig as Mrs. Dean will remain as members. We lost Miss Moore when she married. Miss Katie Harrison removed from the city, and resigned.

"Our entertainments for 1902 began with a brilliant reception at Mrs. Zell's home in February, to which our friends were invited. In May we had a lawn; fete, and in October, Mr. Collins Sawhill gave a lecture for our benefit.

"Last July we invested \$300 in the Kibbourn, Jacobs Manufacturing Co., and since then we have had \$9 in dividends from them.

"We had an auditing committee appointed to audit our treasurer's book. This was very beneficial, as the committee made several good suggestions, and we adopted some new rules, so that the books can be kept in a more uniform way.

"I regret very much that some of our members have been very careless about attending our meetings. Some few, I know, have had good excuse. As we hold only six meetings a year, it is very necessary that all should attend. If you have the interest of the society at heart, you surely will feel it your duty to come to every meeting.

"I wish to thank all who have given their time and labor to make the year a successful one. The members of the visiting committee have been faithful workers. I desire to thank you for the expression of confidence you have shown in entrusting to me the welfare of the society for another year. I ask that each member try in every way to make this year the very best of all our ten years."

Mr. Harry Bard just feels proud showing a fine gold initial ring on one of his fingers. It was given to him on Saturday evening last, on the occasion of his birthday anniversary, when a number of his admiring friends dropped suddenly into his home and began to congratulate him on his having attained

ed two score nicks in the span of life, and at the same time one of the number stepped forward and kindly begged him to accept the memento as a reminder of the occasion. Harry was completely taken off his feet, so to speak, by this manifestation of his friends, and all he could muster up to say was: "It is fine, and I thank you." During the evening games were indulged in by the guests, and among them was "tasting the sugar." It was very difficult to get several of the party to consent to try it, and when they did try it, the sugar and spoon managed to go in some other direction. A fine lunch was served in the evening, and the party did not break up until near midnight. Those there were: Mr. and Mrs. T. Goldsmith, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Leib, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. James Smith, Mrs. Chas. M. Rice and niece, Mrs. E. Bard, Mrs. Bert Wortman, of Dayton, Misses Emma Bard, Sarah Smith, Bertha Dresback, Lizzie Hewitt, Bertha Renke, Annie Rodman, and Messrs. Alonzo Kingry, Walter Wark and the writer.

Mr. Bert Wortman was in the city Sunday, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Smith, his brother and sister-in-law, with whom his wife is visiting for the present. He left Monday for Chicago, to accept a place in the Automatic Electrical Works.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Evans, living in the southern end of the city, welcomed into their family an eight-pound boy on January 8th.

The State Commissioner of Insurance just now has his busy session, receiving the Annual reports from Insurance Companies, domestic and foreign, and hence requires a large force of clerks to attend to the rush. Last Saturday he appointed a half dozen for a service of three months, and among the lucky ones is Mr. C. M. Rice of this city. The home of Mr. Rice 179 St. Clair Avenue, had a narrow escape from fire destruction Tuesday morning. Several wet pillows were near the stove to dry and were not watched. They became ignited and before the fire was discovered and put out did damage to the amount of seven dollars. The fire department was called out, but its service was not needed.

Owing to the spread of small-pox throughout the State, and to avoid all possible danger of the contagion being brought into the institution, visitors have been barred from the privilege of visiting the school for the present. Likewise pupils have been requested to avoid visiting or shopping up street until there is less danger of bringing the germs to the Institution.

Some of the lady teachers and friends gave a dance in the girls' study room last evening.

The first term examination were begun yesterday.

The Card Club went over to Grove City last evening and enjoyed a game at the home of Miss Bessie McGregor. Those who went over were Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Ohlemacher, Ernest and Ethel Zell, Mr. Zorn and Miss Ida Ohlemacher, Miss Samson and Miss Kitty Munell.

Jan. 17, '03. A. B. G.

In Memoriam.

At the Annual Meeting of the Corporation of the New England Industrial School for Deaf-Mutes, held January 12, 1903, the following resolutions were adopted:

The death of the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet D. D., came as a great sorrow to God's "Silent People" in all lands. The New England Industrial School for Deaf-Mutes has its own peculiar share in this universal grief. It was largely through his inspiration and influence that this school was established, and at all times his sympathy and help were given for its welfare.

For 23 years (since the date of its institution) he was President of the Board of Trustees and by his practical wisdom and knowledge, gained from long and wide experience and the assistance of the Divine Spirit, he helped us at all times to remember our lofty aims and enabled us to achieve a goodly measure of success. Deeply conscious of, and grateful for, his loving help and counsel, we desire to record our deep appreciation of all that he has been to us and to those silent ones he loved so much.

He was a man walking always in the light, and life of God, and filled with those gracious gifts of the Spirit which especially fitted him for his chosen work. We will always remember him in deepest gratitude and affection and with heart-felt thanks to Almighty God for a life so nobly lived and given for the service of others. Resolved, That a copy be sent to Mrs. Thomas Gallaudet and family, to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, to the DEAF-MUTES' REGISTER, and to the Beverly Times.

NOTICE.

A "Rubber Party" will be given by the St. Francis De Sales Sick Benefit Association for the Deaf, on Shrove Tuesday evening, February 24th. Admission, ten cents, including refreshments. Bring old worn-out rubbers with you. Come one! Come all!

Misses CORNUS, CARROLL, Messrs. JACOB HELMER, PH. STAFFLINGER, Committee

Water thrown upon ice in the Arctic regions will shiver it just as boiling water breaks glass. This is because the ice is so much colder than the water.

Not Charitable Institutions.

OBJECTION TO ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION CLASSIFICATION OF SCHOOLS FOR THE DEAF.

At the residence of Dr. Graham Bell, a meeting was held Saturday by the Board of Directors of the American Association to Promote Teaching of Speech to the Deaf. The members of the board are Dr. Graham Bell and Mrs. Gardiner G. Hubbard, of Washington; Miss C. A. Yale, of Northampton, Mass.; Miss Sarah Fuller, of Boston, Mass.; Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. Edmund Lyon and Dr. Z. F. Westervelt, of Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. Richard O. Johnson, of Indianapolis, Ind., and Dr. Joseph C. Gordon, of Jacksonville, Ill.

The Board took action in regard to what they regard as the unwise action of the management of the St. Louis Exhibition in regard to schools for the deaf, in the following resolution:

WHEREAS, All American schools for the deaf are distinctly educational in character, being an integral part of the great school system of the country; therefore, be it

Resolved, That placing the exhibits of these schools in the department of charities and corrections at St. Louis, is regarded by the Board of Directors of the American Association to Promote Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, as a serious mistake, and the Board earnestly requests that the school work and living exhibits of schools for the deaf be placed with the purely educational exhibits and separated entirely from the department of charities and corrections at the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition, and they especially request this in behalf of all the day schools for the deaf, which have at no time in their history been under the direction of Boards of Charity, but have from the first been under the control of Boards of Education.

It was decided to hold the summer meeting of the Association at Boston, Mass. It had been the purpose of the committee to hold this summer's meeting of the Association in the West, but on request from teachers both East and West, it was decided, on account of the great attractions offered by the National Educational Association, to meet in connection with them, and obtain advantage of the reduced rates of travel.

It is the purpose of the Association to establish and maintain a normal summer school for the training of teachers in methods for the teaching of speech to the deaf. The matter will be definitely determined upon at the meeting to be held this summer in Boston.

The officers of the Association elected for the ensuing year are Dr. A. Graham Bell, President; Dr. A. L. E. Crouter and Miss C. Yale, Vice-Presidents; Dr. Z. F. Westervelt, Secretary; Mr. F. W. Booth, Treasurer, and Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, Auditor.—*Washington Post*, Jan. 12.

DEAF-MUTES IDENTIFY A MURDERER.

DANVILLE, VA., January 7.—(Special.)—Hodnett Perkins, colored, was arrested here to-day, charged with the murder on Christmas Eve, of Samuel Betts, also colored. The men engaged in a fight, and Betts was shot. He died of his wounds, within a few days. A peculiarity of the case is that the only witnesses against Perkins are two deaf and dumb youths, one white and one colored.

The mutes described the murderer to the police as well as they could, but no arrest followed. To-day, one of the boys attracted the attention of a policeman, and indicated that he wished the officer to follow him. He went straight to Perkins and laid his hands on him. Perkins was also identified by the other mutes.

The case will be heard in the Mayor's court to-morrow morning.

DANVILLE, VA., January 15.—(Special.)—Hodnett Perkins (colored), accused of the murder of Samuel Betts, a negro, who was found on Loyal Street Christmas, shot in the back, was examined in the Mayor's Court to-day, and sent on to the grand jury. The principal witnesses against the accused were two mutes, the one white and the other colored, and named respectively Frank Jackson and Wesley Williamson.

The brother of Jackson and the sister of Williamson interpreted for them. Jackson, who understands the deaf and dumb alphabet, gave very intelligible answers to the questions put to him. The colored witness was illiterate and could convey his information only by signs. His understanding of questions put to him, was vague. Both identified Perkins as the man who did the shooting.

Wanted.

A DEAF-MUTE man desires a place. He can do housework or farm work. Wages expected, \$5 a month. Address: Housework, care DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

PHILADELPHIA.

Death on the Railroad
Track.

A 'SURPRISE PARTY.

Personal and Otherwise

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Sunday papers contained a brief report of the horrible death of a deaf-mute on the railroad, and the following, from the *North American*, gives the main facts:

FORT WASHINGTON, PA., Jan. 17 (Special).—Jacob Bell, a mute, aged 40, was run down by a shifting engine on the siding leading into Hoopes & Townsend's iron mill, at Hoopston, this afternoon. Bell was employed at the iron mill. He is survived by a wife and three children.

The unfortunate man, whose full name was Jacob C. Bell and who is aged 36, was a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at about the time of the writer, in 1881. He then lived in Conshohocken, on the outskirts of Philadelphia. On the day of the great blizzard of '88, (if we remember the year correctly,) Mr. Bell disappeared and, after months of fruitless searching, he was given up for dead. He was not dead, however, and returned to his home in about a year, apparently not realizing how much trouble and anxiety he had caused his parents. He subsequently married Miss Jacobs, a Philadelphia lady, who with three children survive him. We last saw Mr. Bell in the latter part of October or early part of November last, meeting him at 13th and Arch Streets. He was carrying his five or six years old child to the Reading Terminal. He told us that he was making weekly trips to the Medico-Chirurgical Hospital to have the child's legs treated. It was such a nice child (a girl we believe), that we wished to talk more, but, seeing that he had a heavy burden in his arms and two more blocks to cover, we refrained from detaining him and bade him "good bye!" Well, we can only add that we never imagined that it would be our last meeting.

The funeral took place on Monday afternoon (19th inst.) at one o'clock, from his late residence at Fort Washington, sixteen miles from this city. The interment was at St. Thomas' Church, Whitmarsh, Pa. The bereaved family has our sincere sympathy.

A surprise party was tendered to Mr. John O'Rourke in honor of his birthday, by his friends, on Saturday evening, January 17th, at his home on Frankford Avenue. The anniversary proper would have been on Sunday, so the above time was chosen to surprise the young man, and the plan succeeded admirably. He received the hearty congratulations of all and quite a number of pretty and useful presents. After an evening of pleasant sociability, the guests were invited to the dining room, where an elegant luncheon was served. It was near midnight when the guests dispersed for their homes. Mr. O'Rourke is the son of a wealthy contractor and his wife was formerly Mrs. Eaton, nee McGinnis. His father gave him the house in which they live as a wedding present. It is comfortably furnished, and the couple are among the happiest in the city.

Mrs. O'Rourke is well known to the Philadelphia deaf, being popular and an excellent entertainer. She generally takes an active interest in the affairs of the Roman Catholic Deaf-Mutes' Mission, and is undoubtedly a valued helper to those in charge of it. Among the guests who attended the above function were: Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Ziegler, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Stiles, Misses Jennie and Alice Donohue, Miss Kate Musselman, Mrs. M. J. Syle, Mrs. J. S. Reider, Miss Lou H. Little, Mr. J. A. McIlvaine, Jr., Mr. Geo. T. Sanders, Mr. Thomas Breen, Miss Maggie McBride, Miss Annie Broderick, Miss Cora L. Ford, Mr. John A. Roach, Mr. Frank Feighan, two sisters and one brother of Mrs. O'Rourke, and several hearing friends.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer*, January 14th, published the following queer case:—"Whether Wm. Bates is a deaf-mute or has his vocal organs frozen the physicians at Samaritan Hospital cannot determine. He cannot speak nor can he converse with fingers, because they are frozen.

"Bates was found by a policeman early yesterday morning, nearly frozen to death, in a shed in the rear of 1655 Camac Street. He was taken to the hospital, where papers were found on him bearing the name of William Bates, Sixteenth and York Streets. His hands and feet are frozen and the physicians are waiting to see if his voice will thaw out if he has any."

Mr. Jerome T. Elwell left the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf last

week, and is not connected with it in any way now.

Mr. Frank Schuster and Mr. Chas. W. Waterhouse are both mourning the death of near relatives, the former an uncle, and the latter a brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Boggs, of Swedesboro, N. J., were among the Sunday visitors to All Souls'.

Elma, the young child of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stevens, of Merchantville, N. J., is ill.

At a raffle recently held, tickets for which cost ten cents apiece, Mr. C. F. Stiles won a white dressed hog, and Mr. Wm. McKinney, ten bushels of potatoes.

It seemed such queer luck for the latter, who is a widower of long standing, that he is asked some funny questions by his fun-loving friends.

A two hour's reading was given before the Clerc Literary Association by a lady (whose name we withhold at her special request) last Thursday evening, 15th inst. Her subject was "The Talisman."

Prof. F. W. Booth writes us from Morgantown, N. C., that he is making rapid improvement in that beautiful "land of the sky." He has already reached normal weight. This favorable news will no doubt cause Mr. Booth's many friends much pleasure.

Mrs. R. M. Barker is visiting in Norristown for a couple of days.

Mr. Marvin Hunt, a compositor, who recently left his position, is back in his old place.

Mr. Harry S. Smith continues with the Avil Company and is doing nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Sharrar and Mrs. Roop have removed to Olney, which is a part of north-eastern Philadelphia.

The Charter and By-Laws of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, together with the rules, regulations and by-laws of the Board of Trustees of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf have been published in pamphlet form.

Proctor's Attractions

WEEK OF JAN. 26, 1903.

The permanent stock company at Proctor's Fifth Avenue next week will give a revival of Frances Hodgson Burnett and Stephen Townsend's "Lady of Quality." This splendid romantic drama had a long and successful run at Wallack's a few years ago, with Miss Julia Arthur in the leading role. Next week Minnie Seligman and Mr. Bramwell will assume the leading roles with a strong supporting company.

If there is any truth in the old saying, "laugh and grow fat," there will be much need of obesity tablets at Proctor's Twenty-third Street next week. A strong laughing show has been scheduled, with several splendid headline acts, including "The Holy Tree Inn," a dramatization by Augustus Thomas of Dickens' famous Christmas story of Gretna Green. Besides this there will be a list of specialties by artists of note.

After a very successful week of all star vaudeville, the permanent stock company will return to Proctor's Fifty-eighth Street next week in Franklin Fyles' splendid war drama, "Cumberland '61," with Ned Howard Fowler and Edna Archer Crawford in the principal roles. The vaudeville section of the bill will include Bettina Gerard, in a new change act and some new songs; Dorset, and Russell, in "Fun at the Railroad Crossing," and several other good acts.

"Rosendale," Lester Wallack's famous English melodrama will be the attraction at Proctor's One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Theatre next week, with Adelaide Keim and James E. Wilson in the leading roles. The play will be presented with all new scenery and electrical effects, and a superb production is assured. Among the favorites in the strong cast will be Sol Aiken, Chas. M. Spay, George Friend, Duncan Harris, A. F. Buchanan, Ivah H. Wills, Grace Huntington, Bessie Lea Lestina and many others. The vaudeville end of the program will include F. F. Proctor's \$10,000 production of "Living Art Studies"; Pauline Saxon, comedienne, and several others.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Bible Class, at eight o'clock, taught by Mrs. Wm. H. Rose.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Friday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

Friday evening, February 6th, Prof. Thomas F. Fox will entertain with a reading of Lord Lytton's "Cardinal Richelieu." Every one is cordially invited to attend.

FANWOOD.

Seventh Grade Night.

"MISFORTUNES NEVER COME SINGLY."

Another Club Formed.--News of the Week.

From our Regular Correspondent.

The Seventh Male grade had possession of the platform last Saturday evening, January 17th, at the meeting of the Fanwood Literary Association. Although given very short notice, they got up a good program, which is given below:—

- I. READING.—Mr. A. Dempsey.
- II. DECLAMATION.—"What a Child Can Love," by Jacob Amuth.
- III. READING.—"General Custer," C. Siegel.
- IV. READING.—"The Dog at the Telephone," Dietrich Pape.
- V. READING.—"Dick's Ride," Jacob Lovitch.
- VI. READING.—"The Boy who became a Soldier," John Mason.
- VII. READING.—"Frederick Douglas," by David Kalen.
- VIII. JOKE.—Samuel Friedman.
- IX. DIALOGUE.—Messrs. James Seelig, Osmond Loew, and Jacob Schwartz.

The readings were well selected and quite interesting. Before the meeting adjourned, President Fox gave a review of the important news of the past week. He also announced that next Saturday the monthly reunion would be held. After that the classes will each take turns and have a night to themselves in which to entertain the Association.

During the past week there has been almost nothing but skate-talk among the greater majority of the boys. The ice on the pond near the school has been in fine condition, and every day at four o'clock those who can skate would go there. Several who could not skate went there also, and among them were Messrs. Seelig, Drake and Kieberg. They found much delight in that sport, and last Saturday each one purchased a brand new pair of racing skates. On Friday afternoon some of the girls went there, but unfortunately the ice was in very poor condition so they could not show the boys how gracefully they were able to skate. No one went to the big lakes in the parks on Saturday as it was so warm as to make it very wet, and it would not be any fun if they fell and got wet. A cold snap came on Sunday and soon put the ice in fine condition again, which we hope will continue to be so throughout the week. Many of the cadets have racing skates, and a race may be had between them some time at Van Cortlandt Park. Powell, Rau and Seelig, if they continue to improve as rapidly as they have done during the past week, may bid fair for first place, while Barry, Loew and Drake would come very close seconds. But Berger and Droppe, with their 18-inch racers, would go as if they had wings on their feet, and leave Renner way back on the horizon, looking like 30 cents. However, if the race turns out differently, the writer should not be blamed, as the above is from careful observations during the past week and also inspections of their skates. As regards to the girls, it is reported that Miss Bon-off is the fastest, with Miss Kuzler second, while Misses Clark, Tanzas and Kipp divide honors for first place in the graceful art of fancy skating.

Sergeant James Seelig has not yet got rid of the misfortunes that seem to follow him every where. During the past week, while skating, he has had more falls than anybody, and each time he would come down good and hard. May be he also cracked the ice several times in doing it. Then when he has bought a new pair of skates it gets so warm that the ice soon melts, rendering it impossible to skate. Perhaps the warmth was caused by his own excitement. As a grand finale, later in the afternoon one of his companions opened a bottle. He held it in such a position that when the cork came out the foam also rushed out, and before he knew it, half the bottle of ginger ale was dripping from poor Mr. Seelig's hair.

In the wake of the Physical Culture Club, follows another new club, very recently organized. It is the Reading Club, and is composed mostly of the cadets. The officers are as follows:—President, Ehrich Berg; Vice-President, M. Elliott; Secretary, Albert Dempsey; Treasurer, Frederick King; Librarian, Samuel Greenberg.

Work on the building north of the boys' side is being rushed on rapidly. As there is no other way to lay the foundation for the hall to connect it with the main building, blasting has been resorted to.

Cadet Osmond Loew is still interested in camera work. He proudly exhibits his camera which takes 5x7 inch pictures. It is a

folding affair, and is such a very fine one, that "Prof." Droppe spends much time in admiring it. Cadets Arthur Ellison, Alex. Siegel and Jacob Lovitch spent Saturday afternoon in the Star Theatre, the attraction being "Zig Zag Alley."

Captain Zwoffe went home Thursday afternoon, and in the evening he was tendered a party in honor of his birthday.

Physical Director Cook, after being absent for about a month, resumed his duties last Monday. All were glad to see him again, and more especially those who miss the gymnasium work.

W. R.

WEST VIRGINIA.

THE SEPARATION OF WEST VIRGINIA SCHOOLS FOR THE DEAF AND BLIND FAVORED.

[News items for this department are desired to be sent to John C. Bremer, 3323 Jacob Street, Wheeling, W. Va.]

In his recent message, Governor A. B. White spoke of the following:

The fourteenth biennial report of the board of regents for the West Virginia schools for the deaf and the blind is a very interesting one, and shows that the work has been carried on under favorable auspices, and with good results, during the past two years. They recommend a number of improvements, the most notable of which is an appropriation for \$10,000 for purchase of additional lands. The institution itself is doing larger work than ever before in its history and under favorable conditions as to health, with improved sanitary conditions generally. The board is significantly silent as to a recommendation it made in the last biennial report as to the desirability and necessity of separating the schools and educating the blind in a separate institution. I presume that it was their knowledge of the great demands upon the public treasury of the state which prevented them from referring to the matter in their report this year. It is not believed that a change of views on their part as to this important matter. West Virginia is almost the last state in the Union which is still insisting on trying to educate these two entirely dissimilar classes of unfortunate people in the same institution. It will be observed that I am not recommending, nor do I recommend, with one exception, any additional building for our public institutions, owing to the heavy demands on the treasury and the proposed changes in our tax system.

I cordially endorse every word which Governor Atkinson said on this subject, and again call the attention of the legislature to the wise suggestions he made, and the strong arguments he advanced for the separation of these schools. It seems almost like folly at this time to discuss the establishment of a new state institution. But I earnestly hope and pray that the time will come soon when the blind youth of this state will be educated in an institution by themselves located in one of the large centers of population, where they may have advantages they never can have at the present institution. The growth in our population and the number of the deaf and dumb will maintain the institution at Romney, and furnish enough pupils to fully occupy it. The next institution which our state establishes should be an independent institution for the education of the blind, and if there is any way possible by which it can be done now, the sooner it is done the better.

It is to be regretted that the demands upon the state are such at this time that I am constrained to be very chary of recommendations involving any considerable expenditures of money. I have thought a great deal on this subject of the education of the blind for many years, and in my youth had intimate knowledge of and acquaintance with two institutions, one for the education of the deaf and dumb, and have never lost my interest in this work. Governor Atkinson wrote most earnestly and truthfully in his last message in advocating a separation of the schools for the deaf and the blind, and the establishment of an institution for the instruction of the blind at one of the leading cities of our state where they could have those facilities which they need, and which at present they are deprived of—viz. the opportunity of hearing the best music and the best lectures and the best of everything, which is so vital part of their instruction.

While changing rolls at the La Belle mill, last Thursday, Mr. William C. Seamon slipped and his face and right hand were severely bruised. He was unconscious for about fifteen minutes.

Mr. Pearly C. Eller, of Morgantown, has been working for the North Wheeling Glass Company since last November. He says that Mr. A. A. Correll returned to Parkersburg a long time ago, but it is unknown if he is still there. Also that Mr. Edward Huffman lost his position because of the glass worker's strike.

Messrs. Wesley Frazier, of Brookside, O., and Peter Gilooly, of Kirkwood, O., were in the city this week.

Mrs. John A. Boland returned to Romney this week from a couple of weeks' stay with her sister, Mrs. Charles Rush, of Conneville, Pa. Mrs. Elizabeth Steenrod, of Mt. de Chantal, leaves next Monday, for Pittsburg, Pa., for a week or ten days.

Misses Emma Bartlett, of Marlington, and Lucy K. McAdams, made a pleasant afternoon visit to Mrs. Elizabeth Steenrod, and dined with her, on the 6th inst.

Mrs. Holdridge Chidester, of Romney, is now convalescing after some weeks' serious illness.

Jan. 17, '03. J. C. B.

The Sun—A Servant.

There have been many attempts to harness old Sol, to make him work at man's bidding so that his rays, trapped and put to new uses, should take the place of coal or wood as a producer of motive power. Clever minds in all ages have been at work to devise the necessary trap. Several more or less practical machines have resulted, but none so perfect, so full of promise, as the great sun motor now engaged in storing up the sun's heat at the well-known Pasadena ostrich farm, in California. By the sun's heat, water is boiled, the steam working a powerful engine, capable of pumping some fourteen hundred

gallons of water in a minute. From a distance the California sun motor looks like a huge open umbrella, inverted, and with a piece sawn off its top. It is balanced on a high steel framework, and is set at such an angle that it will catch the sunbeams on its 1788 mirrors. Each of these mirrors measures two feet in length and three inches across, and reflects the sunshine into a long cylinder, corresponding to the handle of the umbrella; which holds about a hundred gallons of water. The boiler is made of steel, covered with a heat absorbing material.

The hot, persistent California sun that shines almost every day in the year, when reflected from the mirrors on to the boiler, causes such heat that it is possible to obtain 150 pounds of steam pressure in one hour from cold water. When the machine is ready for work—a task for a boy who has merely to turn a crank until an indicator shows when the sun is truly focused on the mirrors—it will move round so that its face is kept turned to the sun all day without further manipulation, under the force of an automatic engine. The engine it automatically supplied with water, and a safety valve releases the steam if the pressure should become too great. All day, every day from an hour after sunrise to half an hour before sundown, the tireless heat concentrator keeps its shining face turned to the sun, storing up an energy which may be put to almost any use. It works under the powerful California sun, as well in winter as in summer.—Pearson's Magazine.

The History of Rubber.

The world was a long time learning the uses and value of rubber. For two centuries after the Spaniards saw the gum in the hands of natives of the New World, it was little more than a curiosity. Old Herrera, who went with Columbus on his second voyage, made a note of an elastic ball which was moulded from the gum of a tree. At their games the nude Haytians made it bound high in the air. The Aztecs were familiar with the gum, and called it ule, and from them the Spaniards learned to smear it on their coats to keep out the wet.

They had crossed the seas for gold, and never dreamed of a time when the sticky milk the uncouth Indians drew from strange trees would be worth more than all the treasures of the hills. (On February 23, 1899, a ship carrying a cargo of 1,167 tons of rubber, valued at \$2,210,000, sailed from Para for New York, leaving 200 tons behind on the wharf.) Jose, King of Portugal, in 1555, comes down to us as the wearer of a pair of boots sent out to Para to be covered with a waterproof gum. Yet 300 years were to elapse before a Connecticut Yankee should make a pair of boots of rubber which would not decompose. Dr. Priestly, author of a work on "Perspective," now forgotten, recorded that caoutchouc (pronounced kachook) was useful in small cubes for rubbing out pencil marks—hence the name rubber.

The Indian linked with it refers to the savages who gathered it in the Amazon wilderness. Dr. Priestly's cubes were half an inch long, and sold for three shillings, or 75 cents apiece. A stiff price for the finest rubber to-day is \$1 a pound. Its price for ten years has ranged from 62 cents to \$1.09. The first conversion of the gum to useful purposes made but slow headway. The first waterproof cloth in 1797 was the work of an Englishman. It was tentative, and of course, it would not stand heat. In 1823, Charles Macintosh, of Glasgow, discovered naphtha, and dissolving rubber in it, produced a varnish, which, when spread on cloth, made it really impervious to water. As late as 1830 the importation of rubber into England amounted only to 50,000 pounds. In 1899 no less than 16,075, 584 pounds were consumed in that country, and the consumption in the United States reached 51,606,737 pounds. Most of the rubber used in the world still comes from equatorial South America, and the forests where the Indians gathered ule are as dense today and almost as little known to white men as in the time of Cortez.—Ainslee's Magazine.

The Oldest Church.

Every evening for two hundred and sixty-two years the bells of the mission of San Miguel, in Santa Fe, New Mexico, have pealed forth the Angelus. The mission of San Miguel, established by the Spanish Jesuits in 1640, is the oldest church in the United States. It was built of sun-dried bricks, or adobe, and has stood the test of time for nearly three centuries, in the second oldest city in the United States. But old as it is, San Miguel is young beside other buildings near it. Only a stone's throw away is what is said to be the oldest house in the New World, built in 1583, and a Spanish castle built in 1581, three hundred and twenty-one years ago. The house is still used, and it was in a room of the castle that General Lew Wallace wrote "Ben-Hur." He was then in command of Fort Marcy. The castle that witnessed the rule of the Spanish conquistadores is still habitable.

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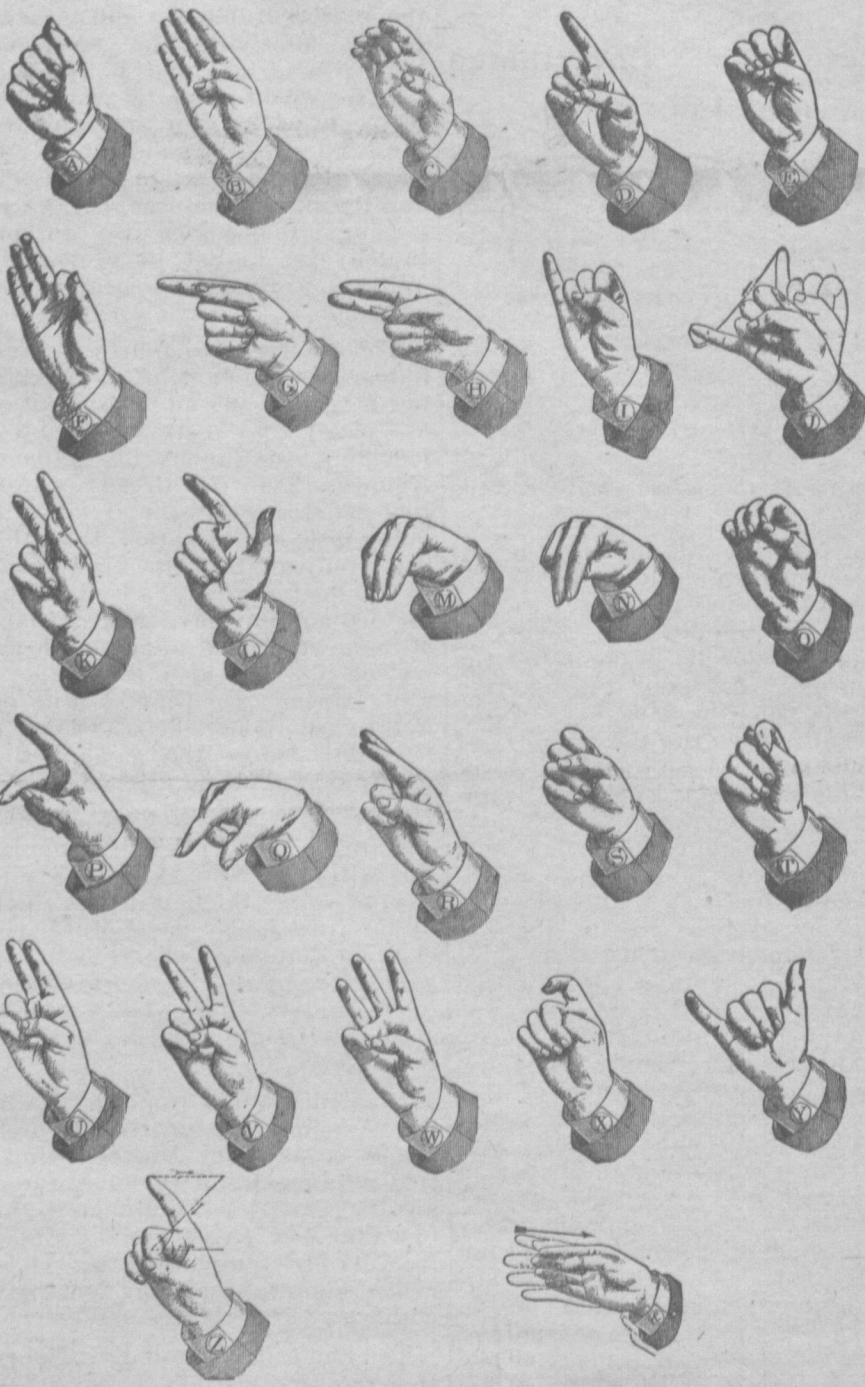
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